Alarum sounds.

VVhat new alarum is this?
Bid euery souldier kill his prisoner.
Pist. Couple gorge. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

Flew. Godes plud kill the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired
In the worell now, in your conscience now.
Gower. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue,
And the cowardly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter;
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt
All that was in the Kings Tent:
VVhereupon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. Oh he is a worthy King.
Flew. I, he was borne at *Monmouth*;
Captaine *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?
Gower. *Alexander* the great.
Flew. VVhy I pray, is not big great?
As if I say, big, or great, or magnanimous,
I hope tis all one reckoning,
Saue the phrase is a little varation.
Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the great
VVas borne at *Macedon*,
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.
Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed
VVhere *Alexander* was borne:
Looke you Captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the Maps of the worell well,
You shall finde little difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmouth*. Looke you, there is

A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
In *Monmouth*, the Riuers name at *Monmouth*
Is called Wye.
But tis out of my braine what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you Captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,
You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander*,
God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his Ales, and his wrath, & his displeasures
And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.
Gow. I but our King is not like him in that,
For he neuer kild any of his friends.
Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished:
I speake in the comparisons, as *Alexander* is kill
His friend *Clitus*: so our King being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away the fat Knite
With the great belly doublet:
I am forget his name.
Gower. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.
Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir Iohn Falstaffe indeed,
I can tell you, there's good men borne at *Monmouth*,

Enter the King and his Lords.

King. I was not angry since I came in France,
Vntill this houre.
Take a Trumpet Herauld,
And ride vnto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our sight.
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as fast
As stones enforc'd from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, weel cut the throats of those we haue,
And not one aliue shall taste our mercy.

 Enter